



ALL NEW
The FLINTSTONES **STARRING**



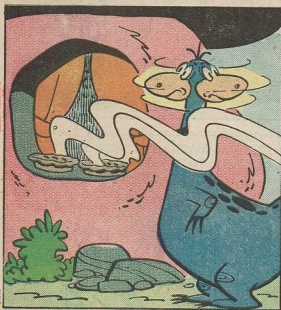
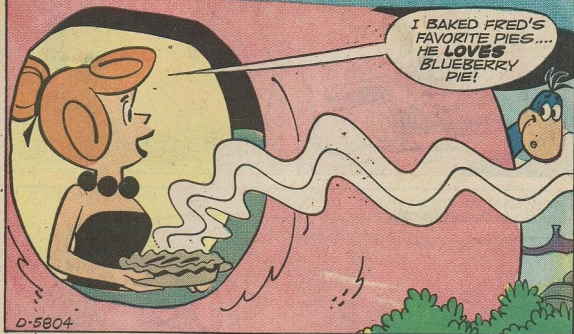
DINO

a Hanna-Barbera
Production



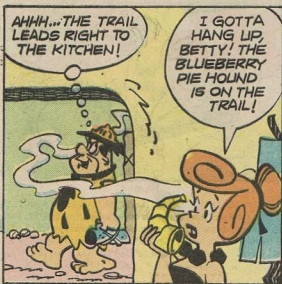
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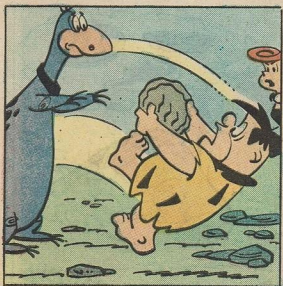
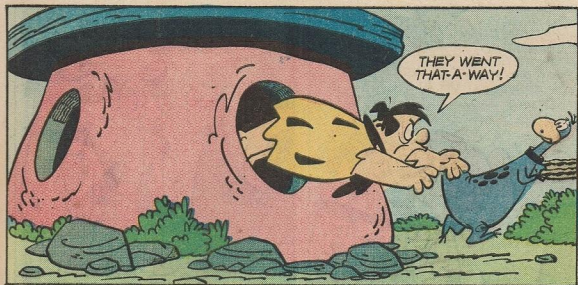
DINO IN BLUEBERRY PIE CAPER

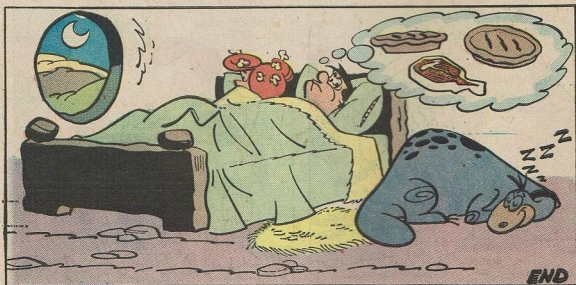
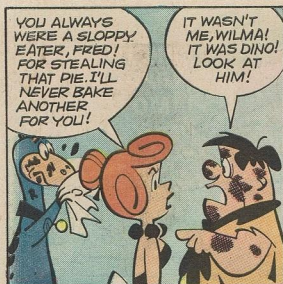


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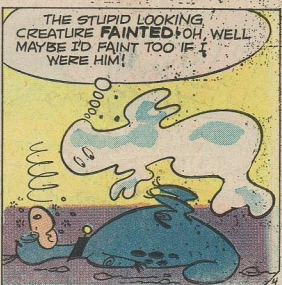


DINO in "COLOR ME BOO"













HEH-HEH-HEH!
HEH-HEH-HEH!

THE
END

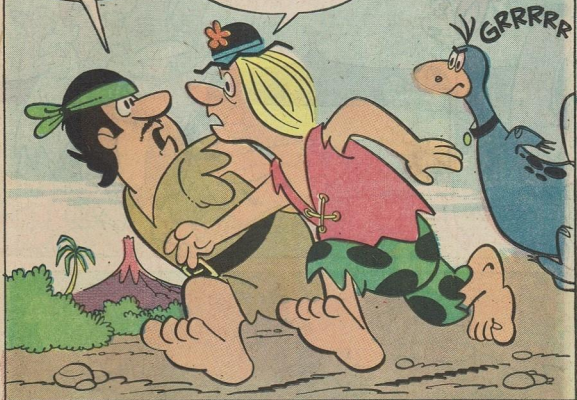
DINO

IN "TREED"

WHAT'S WITH
THAT DINO?!

I TOOK A THORN
OUT OF HIS FOOT
ONCE!

GRRRRR

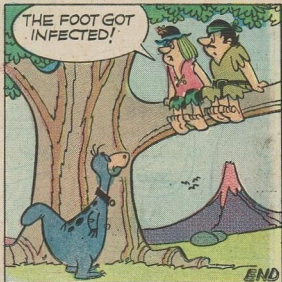


THEN WHY IS HE
CHASING YOU?



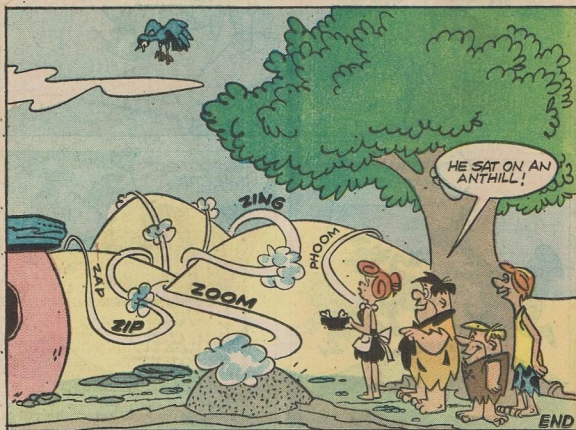
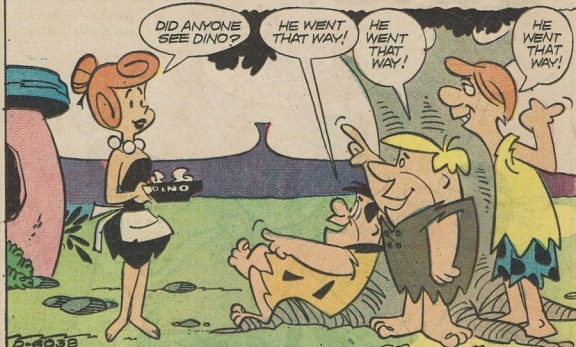
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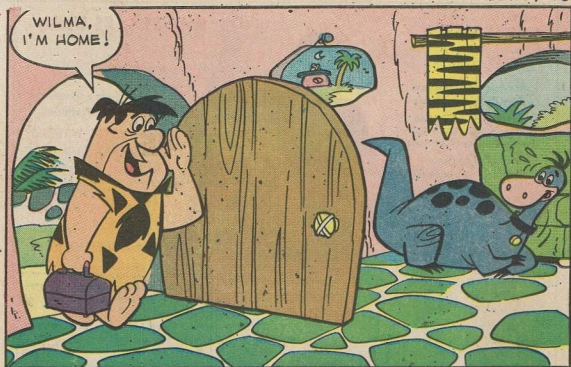
THE FOOT GOT
INFECTED!



END

DINO in "ANT PROPULSION"





THE FLINTSTONES

SOME PEOPLE GOT IT ○○○○





HERE HE COMES, DINO! REALLY
LAY IT ON THIS TIME, OKAY?



YESSIR, BARNEY BOY, DINO'S
SURE CRAZY ABOUT ME!

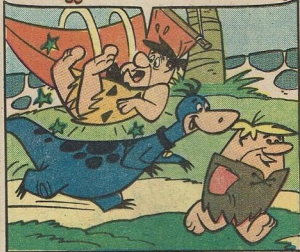


HEY,
BARN??

DINO??



DINO!! COME BACK H...OOOFF!



LIKE YOU SAID, FRED... SOME
PEOPLE **GOT** IT...

YEAH...AND YOU GOT IT
IN THAT POCKET...DINO'S
SNIFFIN' AT!



AN' I'M GONNA FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!

GIMME IT!

OH,
YEAH?





TEACHER Tells A TALE

My first appointment as a teacher was to P.S. 36 which was located on the west side of our city. I was young, full of energy, and enthusiasm. I wanted to be a good teacher in my chosen profession. I taught there for five years and then went to a junior high school. That was a promotion for me. The only trouble with teaching is that you came up against a lot of situations which could be bewildering to you. You never were taught about them in the education courses you took at college.

Every term you were bound to have at least one student who thought he or she was the most brilliant person in this world and enjoyed showing off to the class — of course, trying to catch teacher. Twice a week, we had "free play period." Tommy went up to the black board and wrote the following on it: "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers." Then he would point to a student and say, "Read it as fast as you can."

This was what we called a "tongue twister." Then Marvin raised his hand. He had an objection to make.

"That just isn't so. To begin with, you have the green peppers in a field. You pick them. If you have a peck basket, I will concede that you can pick a peck of peppers, but not pickled peppers. They do not grow in a field. They are made by people who know the art of pickling."

Had he stopped there, it wouldn't have been so terrible. But that little show-off had to continue:

"How could you be so stupid, Tommy?"

For the moment, I thought that Tommy's eyes had begun to shed tears. I had to think in a hurry. So I immediately gave out sheets of paper and told the class this was a surprise test on current events. Came lunch time, the class was dismissed. I found that I had been upset over that incident in the class. I knew that I just couldn't let Marvin "get away with it." To punish is one thing. To get somebody to see the error of a way is a very tough job. Then I got the idea!

I went to the principal, told him what had happened and what I thought I would like to do about it. I had some friends who would help me. But he would have to contact the mothers of Marvin and Peter and explain what I wanted to do.

The next day, the principal spoke to me; and there

was a smile on his face.

"You have my o.k. on it. If you can get it ready for our Friday assembly, it would be fine."

You can't keep secrets from kids, and somehow they seemed to sense there was going to be something unusual during our Friday morning assembly period. They weren't disappointed at all. For on the assembly stage appeared Tommy.

"I am sure you all have heard at one time or another," he began, "the following bit of nonsense: 'Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.' It is not easy to say it at full speed. But can it really take place. So first, let me introduce you to the famous clown, Peter Piper from Lingling Brothers Circus."

The clown first did some tricks and got a lot of laughs. Then onto the stage walked Tommy's mother and also Marvin's mother each holding the handle of a basket. They put the basket down on the floor. Marvin's mother spoke to the assembly.

"In this basket, we have a lot of pickled peppers. You will notice another basket on the side. I have a stop watch. We will see how long it takes Peter Piper to pick a peck of pickled peppers. When I say one-two-three, he will start."

She gave the signal and Peter Piper, one of my best friends, went into one of his routines. He slipped; he fell; he jumped up into the air; he did some dance steps; and ran from one length of the stage to the other. The kids roared with laughter. It was probably the best performance they had seen in years in a school assembly period. Time: sixteen minutes, twenty-three seconds to accomplish the feat. Then Tommy's mother spoke to all of us.

"You have all seen with your own eyes that Peter Piper did pick a peck of pickled peppers."

Did it have the effect I hoped it would have? In the afternoon, Marvin asked permission to get up to the front of the classroom. He had something to say.

"Gee, I was a stinker the other day. I'm sorry for what I said to Tommy. Hope he forgives me."

The two shook hands, the kids cheered, and it cost me \$3.20 for ice cream delivered from the students' cafeteria. As the principal later said to me: "You got your lesson across fine."

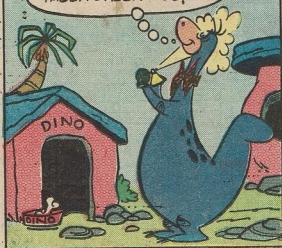
DINO IN "THE UNINVITED"

MR. SLATE INVITED ALL THE BIG SHOTS IN BEDROCK TO HIS PARTY, WILMA! IT OUGHTA BE A BLAST!

DON'T GO OVERBOARD ON THE PUNCH OR THE SNACKS LIKE YOU DID LAST YEAR, FRED!



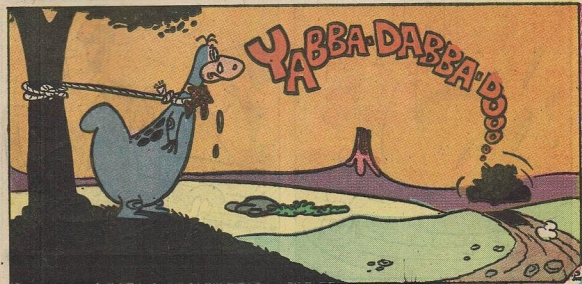
FRUIT! PUNCH! SNACKS!
YABBA-DABBA-DOO!



HYA, WILMA! WHO'S THE DUDE YOU'RE WITH?

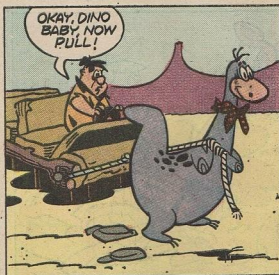
JEALOUS!













DINO

IN

"FALL"

WOW! LOOK AT
THE DUST TRAIL
I'M LEAVIN'!



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END

DINO in "SPOOKED"

